

*The Historie of*

*Prince.* Come hither *Francis.*

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serue, *Francis?*

*Francis.* Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prince.* Five yeares; ber lady a long lease for the clinking of Pewter: But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poines.* *Francis.* *Francis.* Anone sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, *Francis?*

*Francis.* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

*Poines.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Prince.* Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, t'was a penny worth, wast not?

*Francis.* O Lord, I would it had been two.

*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poines.* *Francis.* *Francis.* Anone, anone.

*Prince.* Anone *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thurseday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prince.* Why then your Browne bastarde is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Francis.* What sir; *Poines.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer standes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter *Vintner.*

*Vint.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Vint.* VVhat, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke to the Ghesles within. My Lord, old sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone awhile, & then open the doore: *Poines.*

*Poines.* Anone, anone sir.

Enter *Poines.*

*Prince.* *Sara*, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poin.* As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this icst of the Drawer; come, what's the issue?

*Princ.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of goodman *Adam*, to the pupell age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis*?

*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.

*Princ.* That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percys* mind, the *Hotspur* of the North, he that kills me some fixe or seuen dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry*, sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some forteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brayne* shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, saies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter *Falstaffe.*

*Poines.* Welcome *Iacke*, where hast thou beene?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance to, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile sowe neatherstocks, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards, Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kisse a dish of butter, pittifull harted *Titan* that melted at the sweete tale of the Sunne? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D 3.

*Falst.*